

HIS LOVE STORY

By MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoone. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclignac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress, who sings for him an English ballad that lingers in his memory. Sabron is ordered to Algeria, but is not allowed to take his dog. Miss Redmond offers to take care of the dog during his master's absence, but Pitchoone, homesick for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont. Unknown to Sabron, Pitchoone follows him to Algeria. Dog and master meet and Sabron gets permission from the war minister to keep his dog with him. Julia writes him that Pitchoone has run away from her. He writes Julia of Pitchoone. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. A newspaper report that Sabron is among the missing after an engagement with the natives causes Julia to confess to her aunt that she loves him. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river, and is watched over by Pitchoone. After a horrible night and day Pitchoone leaves him. Julia goes in search of Sabron, reported missing.

CHAPTER XV.

Julia's Romance.

From her steamer chair the Marquise d'Esclignac asked: "Are you absorbed in your book, Julia?"

Miss Redmond faintly smiled as she laid it down. She was absorbed in but one thing, morning, noon and night, waking or sleeping: when and where she should find him; how he was being treated. Had he been taken captive? He was not dead, of that she was sure. "What is the book, Julia?"

"Le Conte d'un Spahi."

"Put it down and let me speak to you of Robert de Tremont."

Miss Redmond, being his guest and indebted to him for her luxurious transportation, could not in decency refuse the request.

"He knows nothing whatever of our errand, Julia."

"Ah, then, what does he think?"

Miss Redmond on the arm of her blue serge coat wore a band of white, in the center of which gleamed the Red Cross. The marquise, wrapped in a sable rug, held a small Pekinese lap-dog cuddled under her arm, and had only the appearance of a lady of leisure bent on a pleasure excursion. She did not suggest a rescuing party in the least. Her jaunty hat was enveloped by a delicate veil; her hands were incased in long white gloves. Now that she had encouraged her energetic niece and taken this decisive step, she relaxed and found what pleasure she might in the voyage.

"When we came on board last night, my dear, you remember that I sat with Robert in the salon until . . . well, latish."

"After midnight?"

"Possibly; but I am fifty and he is thirty. Moreover, I am his godmother. He is enchanting, Julia, spiritual and sympathetic. I confess, my dear, that I find myself rather at a loss as to what to tell him."

Miss Redmond listened politely. She was supremely indifferent as to what had been told to her host. This was Tuesday; they should reach Algiers on Saturday at the latest. What news would meet them there? She held in her book the last dispatch from the ministry of war. Supposing the Captal de Sabron had been taken captive by some marauding tribe and was being held for a ransom! This was the Romance of a Spahi, in which she was absorbed. Taken captive! She could not let herself think what that might mean.

"Robert's mother, you know, is my closest friend. His father was one of the witnesses of my marriage. I feel that I have brought up Robert. It would have been so perfect." She sighed.

"Ma tante!" warned Miss Redmond, with a note of pain in her voice.

"Yes, yes," accepted the marquise. "I know, my dear, I know. But you cannot escape from the yacht except in a lifeboat, and if you did it would be one of Robert's lifeboats! You must not be too formal with him." She tapped the nose of her Pekinese dog. "Be still, Mim, that man is only a sailor! and if he were not here and at his duty you would be drowned, you little goose!"

The Pekinese dog was a new addition. Julia tried not to dislike her; for Julia, only Pitchoone existed. She could not touch Mim without a sense of disloyalty.

The boat cut the azure water with its delicate white body, the decks glistened like glass. The sailor at whom Mim had barked passed out of sight, and far up in the bow Tremont, in white flannels, stood smoking.

"I had to be very circumspect, my dear Julia, when I talked with Robert. You see you are not engaged to Monsieur de Sabron." The girl colored. "The sentimental woman in me," her aunt went on, "has responded to all your fantasies, but the practical woman in me calls me a romantic goose."

"Ah," breathed Miss Redmond, opening her book, "ma tante, let me read."

"Nonsense," said the marquise affectionately. "The most important part of the whole affair is that we are here

—that we are en route to Algiers, is it not?"

The girl extended her hand gratefully.

"And thank you! Tell me, what did you say to him?"

The marquise hummed a little tune, and softly pulled Mim's ears.

"Remember, my child, that if we find Monsieur de Sabron, the circumsppection will have to be even greater still."

"Leave that to me, ma tante."

"You don't know," said the determined lady quite sweetly, "that he has the slightest desire to marry you, Julia."

Miss Redmond sat up in her chair, and flamed.

"Do you want to make me miserable?"

"I intend to let my worldly wisdom equal this emergency, Julia. I want Robert to have no suspicion of the facts."

"How can we prevent it, ma tante?"

"We can do so if you will obey me."

The girl started, and her aunt, looking up at the Duc de Tremont where he stood in the bow, saw that he showed signs of finishing his smoke and of joining them.

"Ma tante," said the girl quickly, "have you brought me here under false colors? Have you let him think . . ."

"Hush, Julia, you are indebted to him for accomplishing your own desire."

"But I would never, never . . ."

"Petite sottise," cried the marquise, "then you would never have been on this yacht."

Intensely troubled and annoyed, Julia asked in a low tone:

"For heaven's sake, ma tante, tell me what the Duc de Tremont thinks!"

Her aunt laughed softly. "The intrigue and romance of it all entertained her. She had the sense of having made a very pretty concession to her niece, of having accomplished a very agreeable pleasure trip for herself. As for young Sabron, he would be sure to be discovered at the right moment, to be lionized, decorated and advanced. The reason that she had no wrinkles on her handsome cheek was because she went lightly through life."

"He thinks, my dearest girl, that you are like all your countrywomen: a little eccentric and that you have a

strong mind. He thinks you one of the most tender-hearted and benevolent of girls."

"Ma tante, ma tante!"

"He thinks you are making a little mission into Algiers among the sick and the wounded. He thinks you are going to sing in the hospitals."

"But," exclaimed the girl, "he must think me mad."

"Young men don't care how mildly mad a beautiful young woman is, my dear Julia."

"But, he will find out . . . he will know."

"No," said the marquise, "that he will not. I have attended to that. He will not leave his boat during the excursion, Julia. He remains, and we go on shore with our people."

"How splendid!" sighed Julia Redmond, relieved.

"I'm glad you think so," said her aunt rather shortly. "Now I have a favor to ask of you, my child."

Julia trembled.

"Ma tante!"

"While we are on board the yacht you will treat Robert charmingly."

"I am always polite to him, am I not?"

"You are like an irritated sphinx to him, my dear. You must be different."

"I thought," said the girl in a subdued voice, "that it would be like this. Oh, I wish I had sailed on any vessel, even a cargo vessel."

Looking at her gently, her aunt

said: "Don't be ridiculous. I only wish to protect you, my child. I think I have proved my friendship. Remember, before the world you are nothing to Charles de Sabron. A woman's heart, my dear, has delusions as well as passions."

The girl crimsoned and bowed her charming head. "You are not called upon to tell Robert de Tremont that you are in love with a man who has not asked you to marry him, but you are his guest, and all I ask of you is that you make the voyage as agreeable to him as you can, my dear."

Tremont was coming toward them Julia raised her head and murmured: "I think you for everything. I shall do what I can." And to herself she said: "That is, as far as my honor will let me."

CHAPTER XVI.

The Duke in Doubt.

The short journey to Africa—over a calm and perfect sea, whose waters were voices at her port to solace her, and where the stars alone glowed down like friends upon her—and seemed to understand—was a torture to Julia Redmond. To herself she called her aunt cruel, over and over again, and felt a prisoner, a caged creature.

Tremont found her charming, though in this role of Florence Nightingale, she puzzled and perplexed him. She was nevertheless adorable. The young man had the good sense to make a discreet courtship and understood she would not be easily won. Until they reached Algiers, indeed, until the night before they disembarked, he had not said one word to her which might not have been shared by her aunt. In accordance with the French custom, they never were alone. The marquise shut her eyes and napped considerably and gave them every opportunity she could, but she was always present.

The Duc de Tremont had been often in love during his short life. He was a Latin and thought that women are made to be loved. It was part of his education to think this and to tell them this, and he also believed it a proof of his good taste to tell them this as soon as possible.

He was a thoroughly fine fellow. Some of his forefathers had fought and fallen in Agincourt. They had been dukes ever since. There was something distinctly noble in the blond young man, and Julia discovered it. Possibly she had felt it from the first.

From the moment that the old duchess had said to Robert de Tremont: "Julia Redmond is a great catch, my dear boy. I should like to have you marry her," her son answered: "Bien, ma mere," with cheerful acquiescence, and immediately considered it and went to Tarascon, to the Chateau d'Esclignac. When his mother had suggested the visit he told her that he intended making up a party for the Mediterranean.

"Why don't you take your godmother and the American girl? Miss Redmond has an income of nearly a million francs and they say she is well-bred."

"Very good, ma mere."

When he saw Miss Redmond he found her lovely; not so lovely as the Comtesse de la Maine, whose invitation to dinner he had refused on the day his mother suggested the Chateau d'Esclignac. The comtesse was a widow. It is not very, very comme il faut to marry a widow, in the Faubourg St-Germain. Miss Redmond's beauty was different. She was self-absorbed and cold. He did not understand her at all, but that was the American of her.

One of his friends had married an American girl and found out afterward that she chewed gum before breakfast. Pauvre Raymond! Miss Redmond did not suggest such possibilities. Still she was very different from a French jeune fille.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hospital Barges.

Northern France is rich in waterways, and hospital barges are already running between Paris and the battle-front, under the auspices of the Union des Femmes de France. The hold is paneled white and fitted with 40 beds, and at the end is the nurse's retiring-room. The barge-master's cabin is converted into a living-room for two surgeons. There is an operating-room, too, with washing gear, an electric plant, and a perfect system of heating. To convert a Seine barge into a gondola of this kind costs a bare \$500, and the results are beyond praise—especially to fracture cases, to whom the jolting road is agony.

The wounded are hoisted in by means of small cranes, and the barge is then towed by steam or motor yachts lent by wealthy persons, who are more than glad not only to lend their boats free of charge, but to navigate them in person, thus sharing in the work of mercy.

The Old and the New.

Inventions have a remarkable knack of repeating themselves. Among the more interesting patents for 1914 is a specification for a wheelless motor car, propulsion being by means of skids, which are alternately lowered and raised. In the early days of locomotive history many inventors did not believe that sufficient adhesion was to be attained by a smooth wheel operating on a smooth rail, and weird and wonderful were the devices for overcoming this supposed defect. One ingenious engineer went so far as to design a contrivance in which jointed metal bars worked up and down on the rails after the fashion of a horse's legs, and there seems to be a certain affinity between this device and the motor car referred to above.

NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Washington One of Brightest Spots in the World

WASHINGTON.—The national capital is one of the best-lighted cities, not only in the United States, but in the world. This is the verdict of experts on municipal lighting after viewing the principal systems of the world.

There are no statistics to advance in support of the fact, but it is a fact, nevertheless, declare the men who are paid to know.

But Washington is not a perfectly lighted city by a long way and defects in the system steadily are being remedied, miles of additional lighting facilities being installed yearly. Municipal authorities here are convinced that there is a close relation between lack of proper lighting and crime, and efforts now are being made to give better illumination to the hundreds of alleys, where many of the local crimes occur. The alleys constitute the weak point of the lighting system of the national capital. Most of them are not lighted at all, and the few remaining ones are poorly illuminated.

Washington has a total of 17,335 lamps, of which 10,187 are mantle gas lamps and the others electric ones. Of the 100-candlepower electric incandescent lamps there are 1,785, but this number rapidly is being increased. The 40-candlepower incandescent lamp is very common, 3,162 being in use. Sixty-four four-glowers Nernst lamps are in operation.

The electric arc lights formerly were very common, but now are being supplanted by the incandescent ones. The arcs still used are the 6.6-ampere series inclosed, the 5-ampere multiple inclosed, and the 6.6-ampere magnetite, and the 4-ampere magnetite.

During the past fiscal year the lighting system was extended to nine additional miles of streets, 662 new lamps being installed. This summer work will be commenced on the installation of 100-candlepower incandescent lamps in Seventh street northwest, between Mount Vernon place and U street. This type of lamps already has been installed in Seventh street south of Mount Vernon place.

How Uncle Sam Is Giving Aid to Berry Growers

THE office of markets of the department of agriculture is beginning this year a work that aims eventually to place the scattered berry growers in the various berry producing sections of the country in as favorable a position for entering the markets as that occupied by the great and wealthy private shipping associations that deal with other fruit crops, notably oranges.

The function assumed by the office of markets is virtually that of a clearing house of market information for the benefit of the various large and small berry shipping associations of the country, who have heretofore had to guess or gamble on market conditions and their changes. Arrangements have been made for sending to Washington by telegraph information on the movement of car lots of berries from important shipping points, their destinations and the changes of destination, if any. With the northward advance of the berry season these messages are arriving at the agricultural department in increasing numbers.

At the same time other correspondents of the office in the consuming markets are wiring information as to arrivals of car lots of berries in their territories, and market prices. The office of markets briefly summarizes the information from both sources and telegraphs it collect to all shipping associations desiring to receive it. When this service is built up, for the price of a short telegram daily the individual shippers and shipping associations may receive information that is obtained by the big fruit shipping associations only at the cost of thousands of dollars for salaries in numerous cities. They may keep intelligently informed, by the service, of conditions in competing areas and the common markets.

A large part of the information being gathered by the office of markets is secured on a co-operative basis. Information as to the starting and routing of car lots of berries is supplied by station agents and shipping associations, and information as to market conditions, by persons in the principal markets who are most interested in the strawberry "deal."

"Cigarette Bug" Solves White House Mystery

DISCOVERY of a small speckled beetle laid bare the mystery of the White House red room. Of a species doubtful, it is believed the insect was brought to the White House in the tobacco of cigarette smokers, although experts at the bureau of entomology of the department of agriculture gave it as their opinion, after the insect was described to them over the telephone, that it was a *dermestes* beetle.

For months servants around the White House were mystified by the peculiar behavior of the chairs and sofas in the red room, but kept the mystery to themselves. The cushions on these chairs and sofas appeared to be victims of a cure for obesity. Week after week they seemed to grow flatter in appearance. The stuffing of the cushions was disappearing, although never a sign was there as to where it was going. There was not a break in the velvet on top or in the burlap beneath.

As the mystery grew, embarrassments accumulated, for visitors, some of them rather distinguished, would insist on sitting down on the chairs and sinking further than they had calculated on doing. The president himself is said to have sat down on one of the sofas, and to have immediately taken to his feet again with the pained expression of one who had been deceived.

That it is said, decided the servants that something more radical was needed. A local furniture dealer was sent for, and the mystery laid before him. With the air of a man who was wise, he tore open one of the cushions, and, sure enough, there was Mr. Bug.

"He just cets on hair stuffing," remarked the furniture man, "though he's called the cigarette bug."

But still remaining to be solved is the question: "Whose cigarettes were responsible for the bug invasion?"

The president does not smoke.

Tourists Can No Longer Steal Treasury Towels

THE towel bill in the big treasury department had been running into awful figures. The towels did not stay put. Dozens were swiped every day. The clerks, many of whom are women, were suspected at first, but they indignantly protested innocence, and the charge could not be proved. Then visitors were detected pocketing towels. Tourists, by reason of the central location of the treasury and of the interest to sightseers, visit the treasury in larger numbers than any other building. It is now believed that they have been taking the towels—conspicuously marked as belonging to the department—for souvenirs. By way of meeting this drain upon the public purse the treasury department has installed a system of hot-air drying. The device is at once simple and sufficient. The hand-drying machine is covered by a hood into which the washed and still damp hand is placed, while the owner of the hand places his foot upon a small pedal near the floor. A soft whirring sound follows and the experimenter's fingers, palms and wrists, undergo the sensation of having been caught in a Kansas zephyr. The hand-dryer stands like a clergyman pronouncing a benediction for the space of ten seconds. Then he withdraws his hands, and, after rubbing them together, finds them perfectly dry.

Another Woman's Case.

Providence, R. I.—"I cannot speak too highly of your Vegetable Compound as it has done wonders for me and I would not be without it. I had a displacement, bearing down, and backache, until I could hardly stand and was thoroughly run down when I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helped me and I am in the best of health at present. I work in a factory all day long besides doing my housework so you can see what it has done for me. I give you permission to publish my name and I speak of your Vegetable Compound to many of my friends."—Mrs. ABEL LAWSON, 126 Lippitt St., Providence, R. I.

Danger Signals to Women

are what one physician called backache, headache, nervousness, and the blues. In many cases they are symptoms of some female derangement or an inflammatory, ulcerative condition, which may be overcome by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands of American women willingly testify to its virtue.

THE GROWTH OF WESTERN CANADA

Increase in Railway Mileage, School Attendance and Population.

Some idea of the extent of railway construction in Western Canada can be derived from the fact that the railway mileage in the Province of Alberta has been doubled in three years. The present mileage is 4,097. In all of the settled districts there is ample railway privileges. The rates are governed by a Dominion Railway Commission, and in the exercise of their powers they not only control the rates, giving fair equality to both railway and shipper, but form a court to hear complaints of any who may desire to lodge the same.

In the matter of education no better instance of the advancement that is taking place can be given than that found in the information to hand that attendance at the University of Alberta has increased 1,000 per cent in five years, and is now thoroughly representative of all settled portions of the Province. The students in attendance are from sixty-one distinct districts.

Then as to the prosperity which follows residence in Western Canada, J. E. Edward of Blackie, Alta., gives splendid testimony. He writes, "In the spring of 1907 I first came to this locality from the State of Iowa, Cass County, and located on a quarter section of land near Blackie. Since coming here I have been engaged in mixed farming, which I have found to be more profitable than where I formerly lived. On coming here my worldly holdings were small besides having a family to care for. I now own three quarter sections, sixty head of cattle, twenty head of horses and forty head of hogs, without encumbrance."

"During the seven years I have not had a crop fail. My best crop of oats averaged ninety bushels per acre, with a general yield of thirty-five bushels and upward. My best wheat crop averaged forty-three bushels per acre. When I have had smaller yields per acre I have found that it has been due to improper cultivation. The winters here, although at times the weather is cold, I find as a whole are very agreeable. The summers are warm, but not sultry. The summer nights are cool and one is always assured of a good night's rest. My health has been much better, as I do not suffer from catarrh since coming here. I have no land for sale, and am not wishing to make any change, but would be pleased to answer any enquiries concerning this locality."—Ad vertisement.

Just the Man.
"There is an eastern potentate who would be even better than a Panama expert to conduct this fly-killing campaign."

"Who is that?"
"The Akhmoond of Swat."

Smile, smile, beautiful clear white clothes. Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore best. All grocers. Adv.

Marriage rings and prize rings often lead to the stage.

Drink Denison's Coffee.
Always pure and delicious.

In trying to get her rights many a woman goes at it in the wrong way.

WOMAN COULD HARDLY STAND

Because of Terrible Backache. Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Philadelphia, Pa.—"I suffered from displacement and inflammation, and had such pains in my sides, and terrible backache so that I could hardly stand. I took six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now I can do any amount of work, sleep good, eat good, and don't have a bit of trouble. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to every suffering woman."—Mrs. HARRY FISHER, 1625 Doughton St., Nicetown, Pa.



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